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light, of the dreamy melancholy peculiar to the season it depicts. The artist, whose name is new to us, has, in our opinion, achieved one of the best things in the exhibition. He has, perhaps, somewhat departed from Nature in giving an undue zig-zagging to his tree-branchings,—but the error may be our own. His sky is wonderfully beautiful. Exquisite as are some of McEntee's renderings of the Fall, there is yet, in this work by Mr. White, a superior beauty which, free as it is from the least taint of exaggeration, will not be apt to cloy.

G. L. Clough's "Shady Brook" is a very fine study indeed, which we wish we had more time to characterize in detail. We look for good things from Mr. Clough; he shows the right spirit.

Miss V. Granberry's "Cherries" is the best fruit-piece we have seen for a long time. The cherry leaves are beautifully done. In Miss M. S. Barstow's "In the Woods" there is some pleasant painting of ferns; we wish the rest of the picture were as good. Mr. Lawrie's works show close study, but they, nevertheless, impress the observer too much as though they were painted over or after crayon drawings. There are in his pictures many special things well painted, but, as a whole, they lack truth and harmony of color. Mr. Anderson's "Fish-kill Village" is another work showing close study of nature's forms, to which is added considerable refinement of color. The foreground in this picture, however, seems to us too monotonous in effect. The "Study," by J. L. Fitch, is in the right direction, shows somewhat of rawness, but gives promise of success. Those works we would like to dwell upon more particularly, had we the space. And doubtless others there are which have for the moment slipped our memory, that, equally with those mentioned, give proof of the rise of a new and holy faith in art, which will, ere long, be fruitful in good works.

CONCERTS.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE ORPHEONIST SCHOOL AND CHARITY CHILDREN.

The idea of getting up a Grand Choral Festival, the musical portion to be mainly sustained by children's voices, after the manner of the great annual festival at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has long been entertained by Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins, who, for several years, devoted much time, without remuneration, to the vocal and musical education of poor children, having established and sustained orpheon schools both in New York and Brooklyn.

In these schools he has trained up many of the boy singers who have become popularly known in the best churches of both cities. Months ago Mr. Hopkins commenced to work up his Orpheonist Festival. He tried to interest the principals of the various charitable institutions in the undertaking, offering not only to do the labor of teaching, but to divide the profits between such institutions and the orpheon schools. He received but little encouragement from the principals of most of these institutions, music being considered a dangerous accomplishment for Christian children. These disappointments reduced the proportions of the Festival far below the expectations of Mr. Hopkins, but still he expected to bring into action about one thousand children.

The destruction of the Academy of Music by fire entirely deranged Mr. Hopkins's plans. The Festival was to have been given there. Tickets and private boxes were sold, and the

success of the enterprise, both in a musical and money point of view, seemed to be certain. But the fire overthrew the whole arrangements, and Mr. Hopkins was compelled to take refuge at the Cooper Institute, and to spread the proposed one day's Festival into two days and a night. The disappointment was general, and certainly threw a damper over the public and also the performance. The Cooper Institute Hall is a great barn of a place and its acoustic effects are so peculiar that every chord seems divided into a half a dozen parts. The same with the voices. The hall was about half-filled—it will hold, we believe, over three thousand people—by a very intelligent, but sombre looking party. The thousand singers were not forthcoming; there being, at most, Orpheons and charity children, girls, and boys, and men, not over three hundred singers and the orchestra.

Mr. Hopkins, we have no doubt, did his best; he received promises from many, instructed many, but few came; and the result was a very small Festival indeed. It would be useless to go through the programme in detail. The children were very well trained; they sang correctly, followed the conductor well, and gave some very good color to some of the choruses. "The Chorale" by Marat and Besa, "The Echo Chorus," "The Vermont Farmer," "The Little Carol," by Hopkins, which is sweet and effective, were the best of the vocal performances, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" of Handel, the worst. The first day we only heard the soprano and contralto, the Harmonic Society's tenors and basses, if present were subdued to an impalpable nothingness. It was a very melancholy performance indeed.

On the repetition of the Festival the vocal selections went more smoothly. The solo attractions at the Festival were Mlle. Boschetti, Miss M. Brainard, Signor Orlandini, Mr. S. B. Mills, and Mr. R. Goldbeck. All these artists are well known, so that we need not particularize their share of the entertainment, albeit some of the efforts were amenable to pretty sharp criticism. The hall, however, is so unfavorable to solo display, that the artists are entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theo. Thomas, performed two of Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins's instrumental compositions. The March we have noticed before; the overture, entitled "Manhood," was new to us, and we are glad to pronounce it the best composition in every way that we have yet heard from Mr. Hopkins's pen. The ideas are clearer stated; there is more grit in them, and the instrumentation betrays less the hand of a novice. This is a work of good promise, and gives us reason to hope for the future of Mr. Hopkins's talent. As a great Choral Festival, Mr. Hopkins undertaking has proved a failure, from reasons beyond his control, and we shall not feel inclined to encourage such another attempt, unless the condition of things is essentially changed, affording a better guarantee of the fulfillment of promises than the untiring efforts of one individual with a large development of hope. Of the pecuniary results of the Festival we have had no account.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The last Sunday Evening Concert takes place at Irving Hall, on Sunday evening next. The programme will be unusually rich in artistic names, besides the usual party, Messrs. Castle, Campbell, Colby and George W. Morgan, Miss Kate Macdonald, Miss Zelda Harrison and Miss Matilda Toedt will appear on this occasion.

These concerts have become wonderfully

popular, and this, the last one, will be the most brilliant of them all.

GARDEN MUSIC.

Mr. Theo. Thomas will give a series of concerts with his grand orchestra, during the Summer months, at Koch's Terrace Garden, on Third ave., between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth sts. The place is a pleasant suburban retreat, for it overlooks our beautiful park, and is of easy access. The beautiful music will, doubtless, attract thousands to enjoy the shade of trees and the health-giving air.

GRAND CONCERTS AT IRVING HALL.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in this day's issue, of two concerts to be given next Saturday, at Irving Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Rullman, Janitor of the Academy of Music, who lost everything he possessed by the late fire. The attractions will be extraordinary, and will surely crowd Irving Hall to its utmost capacity, twice. At least we hope so.

MATUINI MAIL.

Into thy chalice bright, O morn,
Droops, like a pearl, thy star.
Lo, in the east, a day new-born!
Light streameth from afar!
I watch, as o'er the distant hills
It silently comes down,
Like myriads of golden rills
Upon the shadowy town
I scent in every passing breeze
A delicate perfume,
Wafted from plumed lilac trees
That glow with purple bloom.
I listen to the cooing doves
Which haunt the old church tower,
And dreamily tell o'er their loves
Unwearied hour by hour.
And such a charm the dear earth wears,
It seems a joy to live,—
No day in all the rolling years
A lovelier morn could give.
Sweet Nature, prophesy to me,
While winged moments pass,
And swiftly fall the shining sands
Within time's crystal glass!
When fades the light, when droops the flower,
When seeks the dove its nest,
Let some glad token of this hour
Abide within my breast,
As kneel I humbly at thy shrine
Where all is mystery.
Oh heart of nature, bend to mine,
As bends to earth the sky.
Lead up my soul from grovelling things,
Give thought a richer tone;
Inspire me with the hope that springs
From noble aims alone;
Teach me the grace of loving deeds,
The consciousness of such
E'en like a rosary, whose beads
Yield blessings to the touch,
Would kindle in this shade and dust
A faith serene and bright,—
Life would be full of quiet trust
As morn is full of light.

M. E. J.

New York, May, 1866.

CONCERT-GIVING IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

A CONTRAST.

Our American readers will be surprised to learn the different modus operandi of giving concerts in Paris and in this city.

In New York we have but one hall where an artist can well give a concert—Irving Hall. We have also for small chamber concerts, Dodworth Hall, and Wallack's Theatre for matinees.